

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Counsel for the Plaintiff



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A NEW IRISH DRAMA.

SHAMROCK AND ROSE,

A Romantic Story of Irish Life during the Rebellion
of '98, in four acts.

By JOHN FITZGERALD MURPHY.

Seven male and three female characters. Costumes and scenery not difficult. Every part a good one. A sure hit. Printed as played under the author's personal direction, at the Dudley St. Opera House, Boston, St. John's Hall, Boston, and the Newport Opera House.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Scene, Squire Fitzgerald's Home, in Wicklow. Rose's story of Desmond's arrival. Shaun Cary hears a bit of valuable news. Barney O'Brady meets an unexpected visitor and shows him the door. Ileen and Barney. The Fugitive. The arrival of the soldiers. Capt. Beck quarrels with the Squire. The defence. The murder. THE ARREST.

ACT II. Scene I: A Landscape. Cary and the Captain plot the abduction of Rose. Douglass' dilemma 'twixt love and duty. Scene II: The Prison. Barney's cell. Hot Irish in a stone jug. A friend in need. The red coat. Scene III: Rose receives a false message. Scene IV: Desmond's cell. The Death Warrant. Celt and Saxon. Barney a guard. The death knell. THE ESCAPE.

ACT III. Scene I: O'Byrnes' Wood. The purty girl milking her cow. Barney proposes to Ileen. Desmond hears bad news. Barney, in the guise of a soldier, gets important information from Cary. Scene II: Exterior of Beck's Castle by moonlight. Rose a captive. Barney brings good news. The proposal and refusal. The ass kicks. The false captive. THE RESCUE.

ACT IV. Scene: Corrigmór at Sunrise. Shaun Cary a captive. The arrival of Nano and Ileen. Tracked by Beck. Nano keeps Beck at Bay. The duel. Cary's shot. Beck's death. The "SHAMROCK AND ROSE."

Price - - - - - 25 cents.

Incidental to this piece occur the following new songs by Messrs. R. W. LANIGAN and LEO A. MUNIER, entitled

SHAMROCK AND ROSE.

MY IRISH QUEEN.

MA BOUCHALEEN BAWN.

The three published together at 60 cents; obtainable only of the publishers.

For other novelties see the preceding page.

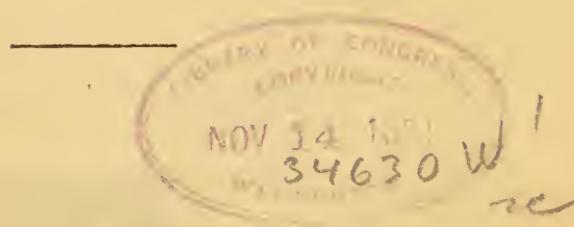
Walter H. Baker & Co., 23 Winter St., Boston.

COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF

A Comedy in Two Acts

BY

ST. CLAIR HURD



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1891

CHARACTERS.

MR. FRANK RICE, *in the consommé.*
MR. SOLOMON NATHAN, *Hebrew banker who helps pull him out.*
MR. PHINEAS PHUNNEL, *stopped by Miss Stopper.*
MR. PERCY PRIMMERS, *lawyer, counsel for the plaintiff.*
MISS LUCY LOWBORN, *in love with Frank.*
MISS PHOEBE STOPPER, *who can't be stopped.* PS635
MRS. PERCY PRIMMERS, *in sympathy with Lucy.*
SARAH, *servant to the Primmers.* Zg H962
KITTY, *servant to Miss Stopper.*

SCENE laid in New York City.

ACT I.—HOME OF THE PRIMMERS. EVENING.

ACT II.—HOME OF MISS STOPPER. MORNING.

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Letter for Mrs. P.; letter for Prim.; letter for Frank; pen, ink, and paper; photograph for Lucy, and newspaper; book; breakfast-service for two; certificate of deposit for Phunnel; cigars; embroidery for Mrs. P.

COSTUMES.—Modern.

TIME—Present day.

Time of presentation, one hour and a half.



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TMP96-006556

COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room in home of the Primmers, well furnished. Bookcase or library table, back L. C. Table, L. C., with lamp and writing materials. Chair, L.; sofa, R. Door R. and L. Double door, c. Mr. PRIMMERS discovered at table, c., writing. At rising of curtain, enter MRS. PRIMMERS, L. from c.*

MRS. PRIMMERS (*laughing; holding up open letter*). Ha, ha, ha! here's another, Percy! There's nothing like being in the swim! (*Sits R.*)

PRIMMERS. How much is it, dear?

MRS. P. How much is it! Why, bless your heart, this is not a bill! Listen! (*Reads.*) Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Nathan request the pleasure of your company Monday evening.

PRIM. I expected that! (*Rings bell.*)

MRS. P. I love society, Percy, but *please* let us draw the line somewhere! (*Takes up work.*)

(Enter SARAH, C. from L.)

PRIM. (*to SARAH*). See that this is mailed to-night.

MRS. P. I have to meet a great many women whom it is hard even to tolerate, but that Mrs. Nathan and her lumpy daughter are absolutely overpowering. Why do you insist, Percy, on our accepting invitations from such people?

MR. PRIM. Policy, my dear, policy. My profession is not as yet sufficiently lucrative to allow me the privilege of choosing our acquaintances. Mr. Solomon Nathan, you know, is a leading member of the Wall Street banking-house of Schwartz Bros., and Nathan a man whose counsel is sought by investors and professional men alike. To the one he dispenses advice; to the other he introduces clients, or men of his numerous acquaintance who are likely to become so.

MRS. P. But his family is utterly intolerable! Such taste! such vulgarity in manners and dress as that wife of his displays is shocking! And the daughter! Did you notice her at Mrs. Love's the other evening? Her arms and hands looked for all the world as if they had been boiled. She is my conception of an heiress suddenly lifted into society by a rise in *pork*; and were she not a Jewess, I should certainly form the conclusion that her father had made his money sticking pigs. Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha! Very good! a Hebrew pork-packer! No, my dear; though I'll admit that Mr. Nathan's style is slightly suggestive of Baxter Street, he is an able financier and thoroughly reliable. His family must be tolerated for the sake of its head, and just now we are very much in need of his influence. Besides, Frank, the dear boy, expects me to push his suit to set aside his father's will. He, as you know, has retained me as principal counsel, and I have promised to use my influence with Nathan to secure a loan with which to carry on the suit. You'll remember Frank's father left the bulk of his property, mostly cash, to endow an orphan asylum, leaving his only son poor enough to enter it. We have good proof with which to establish a case of undue influence and conspiracy on the part of one Phineas Phunnel, a whining crank who is the prime mover in the hospital scheme, and to whom the money was left in trust. Now, as we propose to use Nathan's influence and Nathan's money (if we can get it), it won't do to slight Nathan's estimable, though possibly vulgar, family, in the operation!

MRS. P. I'm afraid, dear, you'll find it pretty hard getting money from him without good security.

PRIM. Ah, that's just it! The letter I have just sent is addressed to him, and offers him a sufficiently tempting bait to insure his co-operation.

MRS. P. It does seem too bad that Frank's father should have ruined the boy's prospects. Poor Frank! He's so desperately in love, too! Ha, ha, ha! It amuses me to watch his face when he talks of that divine girl, as he calls her. I wonder, when they are married, if the divinity will all evaporate. Ah me, these foolish lovers!

(Enter LUCY and FRANK C., from L.)

LUCY. Don't let us disturb you. (*Goes to R., kisses MRS. P. and shakes hands with PRIM.*) Good-evening, Mr. Primmers. Please excuse our breaking in on you so unceremoniously.

MRS. P. Let me take your cloak, Lucy.

LUCY (*going to L.*). No, I won't take off my things, thank you; we can only stop a minute. (*Sits L.*)

FRANK (*coming forward*). It's a shame to disturb you, you look so comfortable.

PRIM. Not a bit of it. Glad to see you, my boy. (*Goes L. to LUCY.*)

MRS. P. Come and sit by me, Frank. (*Sits R., sofa.*)

LUCY. Perhaps you are curious to know to what fortunate circumstances you are indebted for this — this —

FRANK. Unseemly intrusion.

LUCY. Thanks, Frank. You know he supplies the punctuation to all my speeches now.

FRANK. By Jove! when she is talking, it's hard for me to get even a comma or semicolon in edgewise, — and never a period.

MRS. P. I heard you punctuating one of her speeches the other evening. It sounded very much like—*(makes sound of kissing)*. Ha, ha, ha!

LUCY. The idea! *(Goes to R., back of sofa.)*

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha! Don't blush, Miss Lowborn. *(Goes to table, L. W. C.)*

FRANK. Ha, ha, ha! *Preposterous!*

LUCY. Perhaps you think I am incapable of blushing, Mr. Rice. The fact is, we met quite unexpectedly—

FRANK. Same as we did *last night*.

LUCY. Well, you know we *did* meet unexpectedly,—because—

FRANK. I happened to be in waiting for you an hour earlier than you expected.

LUCY. Dear me; how particular you are! *(Goes to table, L. C.)*

FRANK. You see, her aunt has an engagement to meet the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or something of the sort.

LUCY. The Woman's Guard of Honor Society.

FRANK. Same thing. Well, as her aunt objects to *my* society, we wished to avoid conflicting dates, and I was appointed a committee of one to watch the house until her departure, and, as luck would have it, she started from home an hour earlier than usual. As there is a slight misunderstanding between their dog and myself, we concluded we had better take a walk and—

LUCY. I suggested that we inflict ourselves on you.

MRS. P. We are very glad you did. Percy and I were talking about you two people not a minute before you came in.

PRIM. Yes, we were discussing your affairs, Frank. *(To Lucy.)* I suppose you know Frank has a lawsuit on his hands?

LUCY. Oh, yes, indeed! The boy talks to me of nothing else but plaintiff and defendant and lawyers' fees, until I almost feel that I know all about it.

MRS. P. And I have heard nothing for a week from Percy but speeches to the jury. *(Rising.)* Your honor. I appear as counsel for the plaintiff—*ahem*—Ha, ha, ha! *(Goes to table, L. C.)*

FRANK. Have you got to that yet?

PRIM. *(coming to R.).* Not quite; but I have looked up and sifted the law bearing on your father's will, and it appears to me to be the simplest thing in the world to have it set aside. Our great obstacle is need of funds,—for it will require funds and time. However, I have just written to a friend of mine, a prominent banker, asking for an appointment in the morning, and if my negotiations are successful, our friend Phunnel must *look to himself*.

LUCY *(going R. of sofa).* I am out of patience with aunty! Since the advent of that man, our entire domestic economy has been upset. The house has been invaded by this committee and that society, and contributions come pouring in for the heathen from every corner of the globe. *(Sits R.)*

FRANK. The money those people raise would free Ireland! (*Rising, goes to L.*) I heard Phunnel at a meeting the other evening (*imitating him*). "It is a noble work, my friends, requiring self-denial and earnest effort." And round goes the contribution-box, to raise money, I suppose, to buy seal-skin sacks for the Fiji Islanders! Ha, ha, ha! (*Takes turn up stage L.*)

MRS. P. { Together. } Ha, ha, ha!
PRIM. { Together. } Ha, ha, ha!

(MRS. P. goes to table C.)

LUCY. He has completely set aunty against Frank; and Kitty, our servant, has instructions not to admit him.

FRANK (L). The dog has his instructions also.

PRIM. (*going to L.*). Never mind! we'll set you right before long. The first thing to do is to crush Phunnel. When *that* is accomplished, Miss Stopper will call off the dog, I've no doubt.

(Enter SARAH, C. from L.)

SARAH (*handing MRS. P. cards on salver*). A lady and gentleman have just called; here are their cards, Mum.

MRS. P. (C. reading cards). Miss Phœbe Stopper—Mr. Phineas Phunnel! (*Looks with alarm at Lucy.*)

LUCY. Aunty!

FRANK. Phunnel! To the fire-escape,—follow me! (*Rushes to R.*)

MRS. P. (*laughing*). No, no, Frank! not there—here! (*Bustles them off L.; goes to R.*)

MISS STOP. (*without*). I know the way perfectly.

(Enter STOPPER and PHUNNEL, C. from L.)

STOP. Ah, how fortunate to find you at home. Good-evening, Mr. Primmers. I called this afternoon, but your servant said you had gone out shopping. (*MRS. P. is about to speak.*) Not a word, it's of no consequence. Phunnel, dismiss the carriage! We were very fortunate in meeting a carriage. Phunnel hailed it, and here we are. (*Sits R.; exit PHUNNEL, C. to L.*)

MRS. P. Won't you remove your things?

STOP. No, thank you; we are on our way to a society meeting, and have but a few minutes to spare.

MRS. P. I'm glad to see you looking so well, Miss Stopper.

STOP. Well,—I never felt worse in my life,—my nerves are fairly shattered.

PRIM. (*aside*). It's a pity her tongue isn't shattered. (*Aloud*.) I thought, when you came in, you didn't look quite yourself.

STOP. Not quite myself! I never felt *more* myself than I do this minute. I have a purpose in life, and, thank Heaven, the strength to carry it out. Now that we're here, whatever Phunnel may do or say, I'm not to be stopped until I have laid our plans before you. You haven't met Phunnel? It is my privilege to be

on the most intimate terms with him. Though we both seek the enlightenment and upliftment unto better things of our fellow-man, we search in different byways, think different thoughts, and pluck up different weeds in the great garden of humanity. In our different fields we plough and harrow our fellow-man, and we shall not rest until we have harvested the crop, and gathered it into our different barns.

Prim. (*aside*). I wish I could gather *her* into a barn ; I'd burn the barn.

Mrs. P. Your metaphor is *beautiful*, Miss Stopper ; in fact, it is — is — what shall I say ?

StOp. Say *nothing* ! It's of no consequence. But, my friends, you *will* know Phunnel. (*Enter PHUNNEL, C. from L. ; he sits gingerly R. of table.*) Ah, here he is. Mr. Phunnel, allow me to introduce to you my young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Primmers. Sit down, Phunnel. Now, listen to me.

Phun. My dear Miss Stopper, might I —

StOp. Not a word ; it's of no consequence.

Phun. But, the coachman —

StOp. Well ?

Phun. Intimated that his *fare* would be acceptable.

StOp. Well !

Phun. That's it — *is* it well ? I thought I'd ask you.

StOp. What do you mean ?

Prim. (*aside*). Mr. Phunnel is rather a rapid *conversationalist* !

Phun. Why, I found I had left my pocket-book at home, and when I told the driver to wait till I got his fare from you, he said it was all right, that he knew Mr. Primmers, and would charge it to him.

Prim. (*aside*). The devil ! (*Aloud*.) Quite right, my dear sir.

StOp. Nothing of the kind. (*Producing pocket-book*.) As it will be charged to *you*, Mr. Primmers, I insist on handing you the amount. As he only carried us a few blocks, it can't be more than a "quarter" apiece ; here, sir, is the half-dollar. (*Offering coin*.)

Prim. (*aside*). A *half-dollar* ! he'll charge me *three* dollars if he charges me a cent. (*Aloud*.) My dear madam, you must excuse my taking the money ; perhaps *Mr. Bummell* —

Phun. Phunnel, sir !

Prim. Ah, yes ! perhaps *Mr. Phunnel* will see the driver, and hand him the half-dollar.

Phun. (*reaching for coin*). I shall be delighted.

StOp. (*returning coin to pocket-book*). I think not ! it's of no consequence. (*Sorts papers in hand-bag*.)

Mrs. P. (*has been looking off L. anxiously : smiling knowingly at PRIM.*). My dear Miss Stopper, pray excuse me a moment while I give an order to my servant.

StOp. Certainly, madam. It's of no consequence. (*Exit Mrs. P., L.*) Now, my friends, listen to me ! I have here (*indicating paper*) an address which I am to deliver before the Woman's Guard of Honor Society this evening. Its subject is *man* !

PRIM. An interesting subject.

PHUN. A mighty subject.

STOP. Nothing of the kind. *Interesting it may be*, but mighty, never! Man! what is man? I ask you, Phunnel, *what is man?*

PHUN. Man? Ah, eh,—man? Man is, eh, ah—

STOP. You don't know. I will tell you.

PRIM. (*aside*). The idea of asking an ass like that to define man!

PHUN. I think, my dear Miss Stopper, that man is, eh, ah—

STOP. Not a word, Phunnel: it's of no consequence. I have here an exhaustive treatise on the subject,—one which will astonish the world! But paramount to this, before and above all, is another problem, the solution of which is not so easy a matter. It is, *What is Woman?*

PRIM. An interesting subject.

PHUN. A mighty subject.

STOP. Mighty indeed, and interesting beyond all calculation. What is woman? Oh, that I were a man!

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. Sir!

PRIM. I merely smiled aloud at a passing thought. (*Aside*.) I think, if she were a man, I'd solve *her* problem in about a minute.

STOP. I ask you, why is it I have not married?

PRIM. (*aside*). Another problem easily solved.

STOP. I ask you, Phunnel, why?

PHUN. I think, my dear Miss Stopper, possibly because you are a woman.

STOP. You are right, Phunnel. It is because I am a woman that I am *free*. I defy *any* man to marry me.

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. I repeat, Oh, that I were a man! Do you think I would hamper my usefulness by giving my time entirely to my own business?

PRIM. I think it hardly likely.

STOP. To the sordid pursuits of life, forgetful of that higher, that nobler, work, for the performance of which we must every one of us give an account?

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper—

STOP. Not a word, Phunnel! (*Musingly*.) I have drunk deeply from the fountain of Thought, rested on the shady banks that overlook the limpid stream of Progress, and, like Narcissus, have seen my image reflected in its bosom.

PRIM. (*aside*). I wish that, like Narcissus, she had fallen in and drowned herself.

STOP. Did you speak, sir?

PRIM. No, no, only a passing thought.

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper, I, too, have a thought.

STOP. *Keep* it, Phunnel!

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. Sir?

PRIM. I beg pardon! but might I observe, Miss Stopper, that you seem to feel an enthusiasm — a —

STOP. Enthusiasm! It is my life! Have you read "Looking Backward"?

PRIM. Oh, yes, indeed! I think, however, Evolution will be pretty badly overworked, if forced to bring men to perfection on *contract time*.

STOP. Ah, it is to *us*, women of *to-day*, to whom the world must look for progressive thought, for consistent action, for those softening, pure, and delightful influences, for the strength and will and power to crush, to annihilate — to — to — to —

PHUN. To smash!

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. Sir! We have others' interests at heart besides our own. Oh, for words to express the sentiments that choke my utterance!

PRIM. (aside). Oh, for words to choke *her* with!

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper, if you'll permit me, I, eh — was about to remark that the sentiments which — eh — as you say, choke *your* utterance, eh — ah —

STOP. Well?

PHUN. Ah — eh — seem to choke *mine* also.

PRIM. (aside). This is indeed encouraging. (PHUNNEL looks at PRIM. and sighs audibly; aloud.) I think, my dear Mr. Bummell —

PHUN. Phunnel, sir!

PRIM. Ah, yes, Phunnel! I think, Mr. Phunnel, that you only need encouragement to become a really fine orator.

PHUN. Ah! my dear young friend, I need more: I need *love*. (PRIM. laughs softly.) How beautiful it is to have the hope which love inspires! and how *transcendentally* lovely it is to feel that that hope is sure of fruition.

PRIM. I should infer from your remarks that you contemplate matrimony.

STOP. Since Mr. Phunnel has awakened your curiosity, Mr. Primmers, I will take it upon myself to satisfy it. I believe I have found in him the most suitable man to provide for and protect my niece.

PRIM. What! You don't mean to say! Merciful heavens! you can't consent to this man's marrying Lucy.

PHUN. My dear sir —

STOP. Silence, Phunnel! Mr. Primmers, my sister's child will marry the man I choose for her!

PRIM. But this is *monstrous*!

STOP. Sir!

PRIM. I beg your pardon, but — (Aside.) We must put a stop to this.

(Enter MRS. PRIMMERS.)

STOP. (rising). But enough! I called this evening not to dis-

cuss my family affairs, but to interest you and your wife in the work of our society. Mr. Phunnel also desires your aid in his hospital enterprise, of which you have doubtless heard. (*Turns and talks aside with MRS. P.*)

PRIM. (*dryly*). Yes, I believe I have.

PHUN. It is a noble work, sir, requiring self-denial and earnest effort, and —

PRIM. And — money.

PHUN. We have *some* money, sir, but would like *more*.

PRIM. A good many of us are fixed the same way. (*With intent.*) I believe you had a legacy, an endowment — a — eh —

PHUN. Ah, yes. A kind friend left us his money to develop our plans —

PRIM. And left his only son — *nothing*!

PHUN. A wild youth — untamed, in whom wealth would have bred destruction.

PRIM. I believe he intends to breed a little destruction without it. Are you prepared to stand a law-suit?

STOP. { Together. } Law-suit!

PHUN. { Together. } Law-suit!

PHUN. It will take *money* to bring a law-suit, sir!

PRIM. No matter. Of course you'll be prepared for a foolish display of self-interest on the part of Mr. Frank Rice in the matter?

STOP. I should think so. Mr. Frank Rice, indeed! Why, the beggerly little Sniffle-snaffle hasn't a cent to bless himself with. Let him look to himself, sir; let him and his friends look to *themselves*, sir. I am a woman of few words. I wish you to understand, sir, that I have heard of Mr. Frank Rice's attentions to my niece, and have ordered him, *ordered* him, sir, to darken my door again at his peril. I wish you good-evening, sir. Your *arm*, Phunnel.

(*Exit STOP. and PHUN., C. to L. Enter NATHAN, who runs into them. He is in full evening dress.*)

NATH. A thousand pardons, my dear madam, I beg —

STOP. Not a word, sir; it's of no consequence.

(*Exit C. to L.*)

MRS. P. (R.) { Together. } Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. (L.) { Together. } Ha, ha, ha!

NATH. She's a regular cyclone. My dear friends, I'm glad to see you enjoying all the comforts of home. Rather a stiff breeze blowing round to-night.

MRS. P. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, it has been quite windy for a time. How do you do, Mr. Nathan? (*They shake hands.*)

NATH. (C.). I had a box at the German Opera to-night, and after the first act I got tired and thought I would run over and call on you. (*Sits.*) I don't like Wagner anyhow; they say my taste

is not educated up to it, so I like to take it in small doses till I get used to it.

MRS. P. Oh, Mr. Nathan! Don't you enjoy Wagner? I adore him!

NATH. Well, as Bill Nye says, "He's not so bad as he sounds." Look at it. The music begins soft and easy like (*imitating leader*), when bang!!—crash!!!—bang!!!—and the first thing you know, you're waked up!

PRIM. Why, you don't mean to say you go to sleep?

MRS. P. Ha, ha, ha! what an idea!

NATH. Well, you just get into a quiet chain of thought when suddenly there's a *crash*, and the destruction begins. It's worse than a bank failure.

MRS. P. I'm afraid, Mr. Nathan, you don't appreciate the *dramatic fire* of Wagner's music.

NATH. That's it! It's just like a fire. I can hear the flames roar and the walls fall in.

MRS. P. Ha, ha, ha! Quite realistic.

PRIM. What is the opera to-night?

NATH. An—*Anhauser*, I think.

MRS. P. You mean *Tannhäuser*. Ha, ha, ha!

NATH. I guess that was it. By the way, you mustn't forget Mrs. Nathan's reception Monday night. We're going to have the Hungarian orchestra, and *Wagner won't be in it*.

MRS. P. You know, Mr. Nathan, Wagner wrote his music for the future.

NATH. Well, his notes *ain't due* yet. Speaking of notes, I heard a good story to-day. (*Tells story.*) You know Dahlman, Gierschoffer, and Spiegel, of Broadway? Well, they fail last week. Dahlman's brother Isaac was one of the principal creditors. Dahlman called Isaac into his office, and says he, "If you'll agree to the settlement we're going to offer, we'll make you a *preferred creditor*." "What *is* it?" said Isaac. "We offer 50 cents on the dollar, and give our notes for three months." What could he do? "All right," says Isaac, "I'll take it." Yesterday he went in for his money. "We have no money for you," says Dahlman. "Good heavens!" says Isaac, "I thought you made me a *preferred creditor*?" "So we did," says Dahlman! "We've given our notes to three other fellows, payable in three months! Now, when those notes become due those fellows won't get a *cent*, but it will take them three months to find it out; *you know it now*."

MRS. P. { Together. { Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. { Together. { Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. That's the way he preferred him, eh? Won't you have a smoke, Nathan? (*Offers cigar.*)

NATH. Thank you, I believe I *will*, if Mrs. Primmers don't object?

MRS. P. Oh, not at all! I rather enjoy cigar-smoke. Be kind enough to excuse me, Mr. Nathan; I wish to order some lunch, and shall expect you to join us.

NATH. I shall be most happy!

(Exit MRS. P., C. to L.)

PRIM. (C. lighting cigar). I'm glad you called to-night, Nathan. I sent you a letter which of course you couldn't have received. The fact is, I have a very important suit on hand, in which over one hundred thousand dollars are involved. My client has no means, and I am unable to advance any. We have a clear case and are willing to divide handsomely with anyone who will lend us the money to push it. I think that is putting it straight, and to the point.

NATH. (R.) That was clearly put and business-like, my friend! There was one point not so clear; who was you going to borrow the money of? It's all very well to have a good case, my friend; but what you want is a good business jury as can see the case! Who was the plaintiff, and who was the defendant? Suppose the defendant got the case,—what you got?—nodding!

PRIM. But the defendant in this suit has not the shadow of a chance to retain this money; for we are prepared to clearly prove conspiracy and fraud, and that this Phineas Phunnel—

NATH. Phineas Phunnel, what!

PRIM. Is the defendant in the suit?

NATH. (in great glee). Ha, ha, ha! that is good, that is great! (Goes to L.)

PRIM. What do you mean? (Crosses to R.)

NATH. Ha, ha, ha! Why, his agent deposited over a hundred thousand dollars with our house this morning, with instructions to invest ten thousand dollars in electric stock. Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. Well!

NATH. The balance was to go on deposit (without interest, mind), until a suitable investment could be found for it. Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. But I don't see yet what you are amused at.

NATH. Don't see! Of course you don't see, my friend! Listen to me! You want to sue Phineas Phunnel to recover money obtained, you say, by fraud, and you have a good business case?

PRIM. That's it; well?

NATH. You want to borrow money to carry on the case? Mr Phineas Phunnel has deposited this money with me; what do I do? Why, I lend you Phineas Phunnel's money to sue Phineas Phunnel with! Ha, ha, ha!

PRIM. Ha, ha, ha! But stop! This money was left to Phunnel for the express purpose of founding an orphan asylum!

NATH. Jiminy Isaacs, is that so?

PRIM. Now, if we can prove that he has converted one cent of it to his own use, we not only win our case, but can send him over the road for a term of years!

NATH. That will settle Phunnel, eh?

(Enter MRS. P. C. from L.)

PRIM. I must tell you, Nathan, that not only a large sum of money, but the happiness of two young people, depends on your co-operation. The fact is, my client is in love with the niece of that confounded spinster with whom you collided when you came in.

NATH. You mean the cyclone?

PRIM. Yes! This Phunnel has wormed himself into her confidence, and not satisfied with robbing my client of his fortune, proposes to rob him of the girl he loves!

MRS. P. (R.) Why, Percy, what are you saying?

PRIM. Only what Miss Stopper told me herself, that she intends to marry Lucy to this Phunnel!

MRS. P. Horrible!

PRIM. It is war to the knife now!

(Enter SARAH, C. from L.)

SARAH. Madam, lunch is served!

MRS. P. Come, gentlemen!

NATH. (Offering arm to MRS. P.). May I have the pleasure?

(Exit MRS. P. on NATH's arm, C. to L.)

(Enter FRANK AND LUCY L.)

PRIM. (going). Come, young people.

FRANK. Excuse us, Percy, please. (Sits R.)

LUCY. Yes, Mr. Primmers, *please* excuse us! (Waves hand as if to silence objections. FRANK sits dejectedly R. LUCY at table, C.)

PRIM. Excuse me, then, *won't* you? (Exit PRIM. C. to L.)

LUCY. You look lovely in repose, Frank, but *please* don't go to sleep! Come here, and I'll show you the picture.

FRANK (rising, crossing to L.). By Jove, Lucy! I'm tired of being hunted from pillar to post the way we are (*going to her*). Here I am in love with the most divine girl, and (*pulling out his pockets*) financially broke at the same time! (Walks up stage L.)

LUCY. Don't say *broke*, Frank; it's slangy!

FRANK (coming forward L.). How'll *busted* do?

LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! Well, of the two, I think I prefer *broke*.

FRANK. Well, there's precious little choice; they amount to about the same thing! To think my poor old father could have been so thoughtless as to leave me without a dollar, merely to allow me the supreme felicity of earning my daily bread (*crossing L.*). Ha, ha, ha! By Jove! It strikes me rather funny! My money gone to endow an orphan asylum, and nothing left for me but to apply for admission.

LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! Fancy you in an institution, supported by your expectations, with *Phunnel* for teacher!

FRANK. Don't mention that man's name, or I'll have him shot!

LUCY. Don't have him *shot*, Frank; it'll only complicate matters. You must rely on Mr. Primmers to straighten out your affairs.

FRANK (R. C.). Yes! Percy says I've got a good case, but what's the good of a case with nothing to put in it? I think it's a case of two souls with but a single income, and that belongs to your con—I mean your excellent aunt! And she says we must part, and *stay* parted. Confound it; it's enough to drive a man to work! (C.)

LUCY (*crossing to sofa R., sits*). Be patient, Frank, dear. Aunty will see your virtues as I see them, some day.

FRANK (*after a pause, suddenly*). I say, Lucy, how's your heart? I mean, does it beat? No, no, confound it, I don't mean that!

LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! My heart is, I believe, in perfect order. You know my aunt says I inherit good lungs (and I suppose heart too) from *her* side of the family.

FRANK. I'll warrant you didn't inherit anything else from her side of the family long enough to keep it. But tell me, Lucy, do you love me? (*Goes back of sofa*.)

LUCY. Do you think I'd be here if I didn't love you, Frank?

FRANK (*dejectedly*). Ah! but it doesn't hurt you the way it does me. My love for you is meat and drink to me.

LUCY (*looking up into his face mischievously*). Is it, Frank? Ha, ha, ha! I'm afraid you can't live long on such a slim diet (*goes to C.*).

FRANK (*crossing to L.*). She mocks me, cruel girl! (*Tragically*.)

LUCY (*putting hands on his shoulder*). I'm not mocking you, Frank, dear, and I *do* love you, you must know that. But your difficulties cannot become lessened by adding to them, and it is because I love you that I counsel you to patience.

FRANK. But your aunt! How do I know what influence will be brought to keep us apart.

LUCY. You can trust me, can't you, Frank? My aunt is not an unjust woman, though misguided, I fear, by unscrupulous people, Mr. Phineas Phunnel among them.

FRANK. Confound that snivelling idiot! He shall answer for every minute's separation he causes us. But if you'll promise to help me, I promise that your love shall be my sun, and that each little twinkling star that twinkles round that sun, shall—shall—

LUCY (*mischieffully*). Shall twinkle for *me*, Frank? Ha, ha, ha!

FRANK. Ha, ha, ha! I'm not much on poetry, but I can play short-stop with any fellow I know. But we must be going if we want to get home before your precious aunt; and, by the way, I believe I'll just kiss you good-night now. (*Kisses her*.)

(Enter PRIM. hurriedly C. from L.)

PRIM. Your aunt has returned, and is raising a *deuce* of a row. I told her you were not here, but she insists on searching the house. Here—go in there! (Bustles them off L.)

MISS STOP. (*without*). Don't tell me. (Enter STOP. C. from L.) So, sir! you have dared to lie to me, sir! Not a word, sir. Your servant admits that my niece and that good-for-nothing Frank Rice came into this house. Produce them, sir! I shall not budge an inch until you produce them, sir. (Sits C.)

(FRANK looks out L. cautiously; PRIM. motions him to go, while he holds aunt's attention. Exit FRANK and LUCY C. to L.)

PRIM. But my dear Miss Stopper!

STOP. Silence, sir! Produce them, sir. It is not enough that you choose to consort with that young reprobate, but you must allow him to compromise a young girl's honor by bringing her here. (Begins to cry.) Oh, that my poor sister's child should have come to this! (Sobbing.)

PRIM. But my dear madam!

STOP. Silence, sir! Produce them, sir! Bring forth that misguided girl and her wretched lover, and I'll mix him a dose that will cure his love, I'll warrant you (*noise without*); as for her—mercy, what is that!

(Enter NATH. wildly, C. from L.)

NATH. Where is Phunnel, where is Phunnel! I've been robbed, I've been *robbed*!

STOP. Robbed! } (Together.)

PRIM. Robbed! } (Together.)

NATH. Yes, robbed; where is Phunnel?

PRIM. Why, you don't suspect him?

NATH. No, no! A messenger, he just come with this note telling me to come to the bank at once; oh, where is Phunnel?

PRIM. What about Phunnel, man? Speak!

NATH. Why, the bank has been broken into, and all the money Phunnel's agent left on deposit this morning has been *stolen*! (Takes hat and coat.)

STOP. Mercy! Then Lucy and I are beggars.

(Enter MRS. P. C. from L.)

PRIM. What do you mean?

STOP. That all my money is with Phunnel's, and we are ruined! (Falls into chair, NATH. rushes out C. to L.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room in home of Miss Stopper. Breakfast set for two on small table R., sofa L. Tables and chairs at back. Entrance R., L. and C. Miss Stopper and Lucy discovered at breakfast-table, having just finished. Lucy looking over morning paper.*

STOP. What does it say about it, Lucy?

LUCY (*absently*). About what, aunty? Oh, about the robbery! (*Looks through paper*. STOP. rings bell.) Ah! Here it is!

(Enter KITTY, R.)

STOP. You may clear the table, Kitty. (To LUCY.) Read it, dear. (KITTY clears table, and puts on it book, pen, ink, and paper.)

LUCY (*reads*). "Daring Bank Burglary! Schwartz Brothers and Nathan the Victims! Over a hundred thousand dollars stolen! A Wall Street Mystery!—Last night at an early hour Officer Harris, while making his rounds, thought he noticed (as he says) something peculiar about the lights in the banking-house of Schwartz Brothers and Nathan, Wall Street. The usually bright interior was only dimly lit by a few flickering gas-jets, the electric lights having been entirely shut off. The banking company employs no watchman on account of the exposed position of the vaults, and the fact that the offices are always well lighted. On investigation the officer found the street door unlocked, and immediately gave the alarm. It was soon learned that a robbery had been committed. The vault was found to be open, the combination was intact, and the inner door of the vault had evidently been unlocked! Suspicion at once seemed to point to some one in the employ of the bank. The bank officials are very reticent as to the amount taken, but it is believed to be very large. Mr. Solomon Nathan, the president, stated to a *Sun* reporter that a package containing upwards of a hundred thousand dollars had been taken, but could not say how much more until the arrival of Mr. Little, the cashier. The strangest phase of the case is the fact that the contents of the inner safe seem to be undisturbed, with the exception of the package mentioned. That it should have been taken, and others of large amounts left, deepens the mystery. Mr. Little was seen at his residence on West 55th Street. He was not prepared to make a statement, he said, and was wholly unable to throw any light on the matter." (*Throwing down paper*.) Mr. Solomon Nathan! Why, he's quite intimate with the Primmers.

STOP. The Primmers seem to be quite intimate with everybody

(*rising*). Lucy, I'm going down town, and I wish you to remain here till my return.

LUCY (*rising, going to STOP.; putting arm affectionately around her*). Aunty, you look tired, and not a bit well; please stay home this morning. You need rest, dear. I'll read to you, and we'll be so comfortable and jolly!

STOP. (*kissing her*). I'm all right, child, but a little worried. Bring me my things; I have a little business to attend to and sha'n't be long, *and*, send Kitty to me.

LUCY (*going*). Some new charity enterprise. (*Exit LUCY, R.*)

STOP. I must see Phunnel at once. Lucy must not know that our income is compromised. Dear, dear! I'm afraid there's trouble ahead for the child.

(*Enter KITTY, R.*)

KITTY. Do you want me, mum?

STOP. Yes. I'm going out, Kitty; if any one calls, tell them I'll be back soon, and — *listen to me* — if Mr. Frank Rice calls, tell him we're not at home. Do you *hear?* not at home! If he insists on seeing us, shut the door in his face, and *keep it shut!*

KITTY. I'll do so, mum.

STOP. That is all.

(*Exit KITTY, C. to L.; enter LUCY, R.*)

LUCY (*brings aunt's things, and helps her on with them*). There you are, aunty! (*Smooths dress.*)

STOP. (*going, returns and kisses LUCY*). Good-by, child! (*Going.*)

LUCY. Good-by, aunty!

(*Enter KITTY, C. from L.*)

KITTY. Mr. Percy Primmers! (*Exit KITTY, C. to L.; enter PRIMMERS, C. from L.*)

PRIM. Ah, ladies, good-morning! Just going out? Then, I'm just in time. (*Comes down C.*) Has Mr. Phunnel been here this morning?

(*STOP. R., PRIM. C., LUCY on sofa, L.*)

STOP. He has not. I'm now going to call on him.

PRIM. Ah, then I think I can be of some service to you! I have just received a message from Mr. Solomon Nathan, requesting my presence at the bank on a matter of business that may interest you. You are likely to find Mr. Phunnel there also. As last night's robbery cannot affect the bank's solvency, we have determined to push our suit against Phunnel. I would suggest the advisability of your closing up any business matters with that gentleman likely to prove prejudicial to your interests in the event of our winning.

STOP. You say "*our*" suit, sir?

PRIM. (*smiling*). Well, yes. Our, I think, is the correct

word. Of course, Mr. Rice is the most interested, and next to him, possibly myself, since my professional reputation is involved. And—

STOP. (*satirically*). Mr. Rice's numerous creditors would naturally come *next*.

PRIM. (*laughing*). Very cleverly put. Yes, possibly. But his debts are not large. Besides, the main obstacle in our way has been removed by Mr. Nathan, who has generously offered to supply us with the money needed.

STOP. What interest can Mr. Solomon Nathan have in this suit, sir?

PRIM. A purely business one. He considers our case sufficiently strong to warrant him in speculating on it a little. (*Smiling, and looking with intent at LUCY.*) There are others interested in Mr. Frank Rice's prospects—but no more of that now. I have a carriage at the door and would be glad of your company down town.

STOP. (*stiffly*). Thank you! (*To LUCY.*) Good-by, dear! (*Kissing her.*)

LUCY. Good-by, aunty! Good-morning, Mr. Primmers!

(*Exit STOP., C. to L.*)

PRIM. Good-morning, Miss Lowborn! (*Slips letter containing photograph in her hand. Exit PRIM., C. to L.*)

LUCY. From Frank! (*Kissing letter, and coming down stage.*) Dear me, how strange aunty seems! She's not herself at all. I haven't heard her scold Kitty once this morning. (*Opens letter.*) She seems to be the only one able to see Mr. Phineas Phunnel's virtues. The horrid old sneak, how I detest him! (*Holding up photograph; sits on sofa.*) Dear old Frank! I wish aunty wouldn't be so hard on you! (*Kissing photograph.*) Dear old Frank! You dear (*kisses photograph*), stupid (*kiss*), sweet (*kiss*), old darling! I love you anyway, even if you aren't a poet! (*Addressing photograph.* Enter PHUNNEL, who stands in door, C.) When we are married and comfortably settled in our own little home, I'll teach you to mind your P's and Q's! You sha'n't stay out nights, you bad boy, and you can't play short-stop any more!

PHUN. Ahem!

LUCY (*jumping up, and hiding photograph and letter*). What do you mean, you horrible man, by stealing in on one like a spectre?

PHUN. Do I contemplate Innocence communing with herself? How sweet to contemplate Innocence in *any* form!

LUCY (*crossing to R.*). It must be quite a treat to some people!

PHUN. You are young and beautiful. My heart hungers for the young and the beautiful.

LUCY (*dryly*). Thank you, Mr. Phunnel, you flatter me! Won't you be seated? Aunty has gone out, but will be back shortly.

PHUN. (*sits L. gingerly, looking straight at audience; LUCY takes book and sits R. of table, R.; conceals letter in book and begins to read; PHUN. regards her as if making up his mind to speak*). Ahem!

LUCY (*looking up*). Did you speak?

PHUN. No-o.

LUCY. Oh, I thought you did!

PHUN. (*after a pause, sighs audibly*). Ah-h.

LUCY. Aren't you well?

PHUN. My heart is sick.

LUCY (*absently*). Have you tried digitalis?

PHUN. How?

LUCY. Nothing.

PHUN. (*sighs very loud*). Ah-h!

LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! (*Covers her face with book, and peeping at him*.)

PHUN. (*rising and crossing to her*). How sweet are the uses of adversity!

LUCY (*absently*). Are they? I hadn't noticed it. (*Looking up, and pretending to recollect herself*.) Oh,—what were you saying, Mr. Phunnel? My thoughts were miles away.

PHUN. You seem interested in your book. May I ask what it is you are reading?

LUCY (*resting book on her lap*). Oh, yes! It's a *love story*. You see, a lovely young girl is in love with such a *nice* young man. Well, the young lady lives with her *aunt*, and is kept away from the young man she loves through the influence of an old fool of a man, who tells horrid stories about him,—to the *aunt*, you know! This old *crank* of a man bores everybody to death he comes near, and—oh, it's just *awfully* interesting! (*Resuming her book, and smiling behind it*.)

PHUN. (*aside*). I wonder what she means! (*Aloud*.) My dear Miss Lowborn, I have something on my mind.

LUCY. Is it possible?

PHUN. Something of importance to tell you.

LUCY. Won't it keep till aunty comes? It won't? Very well, then. (*Lays down book, and makes a great show of preparing herself to listen*.) Now, then, I'm all attention, sir.

PHUN. (*embarrassed*). It may surprise you, my dear Miss Lowborn, that in one of my years the tender sentiment of love should have taken root.

LUCY. How interesting!

PHUN. But—but, eh, ah—I'm afraid I tire you?

LUCY. Oh, no, Mr. Phunnel! You positively *rest* me.

PHUN. Do I? I'm so glad! (*Hesitates*.)

LUCY. You were saying, Mr. Phunnel?

PHUN. Oh, yes-s-eh—(*Smiles foolishly*.)

LUCY (*merrily*). Ha, ha, ha! Funny, isn't it?

PHUN. (*soberly*). May I ask to what you refer?

LUCY (*hurriedly*). Oh, no! I mean — sad, isn't it?

PHUN. (*sighs deeply, takes turn across stage to L.; LUCY covers her face with handkerchief and laughs softly*). As I remarked before, you may be surprised to learn that in one of my years the tender sentiment of love should have taken root.

LUCY (*aside*). Evidently studied. (*Aloud*.) I don't remember your having remarked that before. (*Aside*.) I wonder if he can take a hint! (*Aloud*.) Hadn't you better sit down, M Phunnel! You look tired.

PHUN. (*R.*). My dear Lucy, is it possible you don't know how madly in love I am? (*Tries to take her hand*.)

LUCY (*avoiding him and going to L.*). I feel deeply sorry for you, Mr. Phunnel, but — don't you think it's very warm here? (*Aside*.) What shall I do?

PHUN. Don't pretend to misunderstand me, Lucy. I love you (*trying to take her hand*), I love you with all my heart!

LUCY (*avoiding him, and bursting out laughing*). Me? — love me? Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! I thought it was aunty!

PHUN. (*showing his teeth. Aside*). She laughs at me, insolent hussy! (*Aloud*.) Come, you must, you shall answer me. I love you! (*Seizes her in his arms, and forcibly kisses her*.)

LUCY. Oh! (*Screams*.)

(Enter FRANK, C. from L.)

FRANK. Hello, what's this? (*Seizes PHUNNEL by the throat, and throws him violently to the floor R.; LUCY falls into FRANK'S arms sobbing*.) What is it, Lucy? has he dared?

LUCY. He has shamefully insulted me!

PHUN. (*rising to his feet*). You shall answer for this, sir!

FRANK (*seizing him by throat and shaking him*). You miserable cur, I'll make a three-base hit off your miserable carcass if you don't instantly beg the young lady's pardon. Down on your knees (*forcing him on his knees*). Now — out with it!

(Enter STOP., C. from L.)

STOP. What is the meaning of this scene? Phunnel, rise! Go to your room, miss. (*PHUNNEL regains his feet, and sits wearily L.; LUCY throws kiss at FRANK as she goes out; STOP. sternly contemplating group. Exit LUCY, C. to L.*)

STOP. (*to FRANK*). Now, sir, may I ask your business in this house?

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper —

STOP. Silence, Phunnel! (*To FRANK*.) Explain yourself, sir! How did you gain entrance to this house, and by what right are you here?

PHUN. I think he's a burglar, an assassin! (*FRANK makes a dash at PHUN.; STOP. steps between them; PHUN. rushes behind chair*.)

STOP. (*to FRANK*). How dare you, sir! (*FRANK makes another dash at PHUN.*)

PHUN. You shall answer for this, sir!

STOP. Silence, Phunnel! (FRANK makes another dash at PHUN., who falls behind chair.)

PHUN. Murder!

FRANK (going to L.). Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. (beside herself). This is an *outrage*, sir! Again I ask you to explain yourself, sir.

FRANK. Compose yourself, my dear madam, and I'll try to set your mind at rest. (STOP. sits L. of table). You are aware that I love your niece.

STOP. That matter has been discussed before, sir! I wish you to avoid any further reference to it. What I *do* want to know, and what I *will* know, sir, is what brings you here against my express orders? Be brief, sir!

FRANK. I will be brevity itself, madam. I have learned from Mr. Percy Primmers that your money was involved in last night's robbery. (PHUN. starts to go; FRANK motions him to remain.) I wish you to remain, Mr. Phunnel: what I have to say I desire you to hear!

PHUN. Am I to be ordered?

STOP. Sit down, Phunnel. Well, sir, proceed.

FRANK. While you care nothing for the love I bear your niece, you are certainly interested in protecting your interests and hers. I have just come from the bank, where I certainly expected to find Mr. Phunnel. It is a matter of surprise to Mr. Solomon Nathan and all concerned, that, while Mr. Phunnel would seem to be the most interested in the amount stolen, and the effect its loss may have on the bank's solvency, he has been so far the hardest to find. Perhaps he can explain this satisfactorily. I have but a word more to say. I arrived in time to be a witness to a scene: I shall have the occasion to call your attention to Mr. Phunnel at my earliest convenience. I wish to say further, that a *clew* has been found to the bank robbery (PHUN. starts), and that the apprehension of the thief is only a question of a very short time. I have the honor to wish you good-morning! (Bows. Exit c. to L.)

STOP. (rising). Insolent puppy!

PHUN. (aside). He says they have a clew. (Laughs softly.)

STOP. Now, Mr. Phunnel, perhaps *you* can tell me the meaning of all this?

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper —

STOP. Sit down, Phunnel! I have been to the bank where I saw your agent; I don't like that man!

PHUN. My dear Miss —

STOP. Silence, sir! Allow me to finish. I gave you orders to invest my money with yours, and have just learned that you received a deposit certificate for the *entire* amount in your own name!

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper, simply for convenience, ah, my agent will hand you a check —

STOP. I think not! I have been advised to secure my mon-
before the entire deposit is attached by Mr. Frank Rice's attorney
in his suit against you. (*Rings bell, and looks in hand-bag.*)

PHUN. (*aside*). They won't find much of my money to attach
(*Laughs softly.*)

STOP. (*producing check*). Here, sir! oblige me by writing a
check for fifteen thousand three hundred dollars, payable to me.

(Enter KITTY, c. from L.)

KITTY. Did you ring, mum?

STOP. If any one calls, Kitty, let them wait for me here.

KITTY. Yes, mum.

STOP. Mr. Phunnel, we can finish our business in the library.
(Exit STOP. and PHUN., r.)

KITTY. Sure what a mornin' this has been; first one and then
the other. I thought a cyclone had struck me entirely when that
Mr. Frank Rice came in. Shut the door in his face, indeed. Sure
he put one foot in the minute I opened it, and the rest of him fol-
lowed in a jiffy (*pulling coin from pocket*). Bad luck to him for
giving me this (*bites it*), a fifty cent piece too.

(Enter LUCY and MRS. P., c. from L.)

LUCY. I'm so glad you've come. Kitty, where is aunty?

KITTY. She's in the library with Mr. Phunnel, miss. (Exit c.
to L.)

LUCY (*aside*). Closeted with that reptile again! Sit down
here, Mrs. Primmers. (MRS. P. sits c.; LUCY on stool at her feet.)
Now, then, I can talk to you comfortably. I've such heaps of
things to tell you.

MRS. P. But first tell me how you got home last night. I told
Percy there would be a storm at your house. Ha, ha, ha!

LUCY. Ha, ha, ha! It wasn't bad at all. Frank brought me
home in a carriage, and I was all nicely tucked up in bed before
aunty came. Poor aunty! She looked so worried, and was really
so tired, she almost forgot to scold me. This morning Mr. Prim-
mers called.

MRS. P. Was Percy here?

LUCY. Yes. He and aunty rode down town together, and she
returned just in time to catch Frank here.

MRS. P. The audacious young scamp! He's braver than I
thought.

LUCY. And he's as nice and good as he is brave.

MRS. P. (*smiling*). Of course he is. Ha, ha, ha! And you
know he's in love with the most divine girl in the world. (*Laugh-
ing.*)

LUCY. Please don't make fun of me. I don't know what I should
have done this morning but for him. What would you say if I
told you I had had a proposal?

MRS. P. I should think it likely if Frank —

LUCY. Oh, no! Not Frank (*rising*). No less a personage than our friend Mr. Phineas Phunnel. Ha, ha, ha! (*Goes from laughing to crying; sobs.*)

MRS. P. Mr. Phineas Phunnel! Ha, ha, ha! (*Seeing LUCY in tears.*) But what's the matter, dear? Come tell me all about it.

LUCY. The horrid thing had the meanness to *insult* me.

MRS. P. He ought to be horse-whipped!

LUCY. He *will* be. Frank's going to!

(Enter KITTY, c. from L.)

KITTY. Mr. Solomon Nathan. (*Exit c. to L.; enter NATH., c. from L.*)

NATH. Ah, ladies, delighted. My dear Mrs. Primmers, so glad to see you so shortly again.

MRS. P. You haven't met Miss Lowborn, I believe, Mr. Nathan?

NATH. I'm pleased to meet you, my dear young lady. I called to see Mr. Phunnel.

LUCY. He's engaged with aunty. Won't you be seated, sir? I'll call him. Excuse me one moment, Mrs. Primmers. (*Exit LUCY, r.*)

NATH. (*bows*). My dear Mrs. Primmers, I have a charming morning's business with your husband and Mr. Rice. They will be here soon to see Mr. Phunnel.

MRS. P. Mr. Phunnel seems to be in demand.

NATH. Ha, ha, ha! that is good. Mr. Phunnel seems to be in demand. We will all soon see Mr. Phunnel, my dear Mrs. Primmers.

(Enter LUCY, r.)

LUCY. Mr. Phunnel will be with you in a minute, Mr. Nathan. You'll excuse us, won't you? Mrs. Primmers, please come with me. Mr. Phunnel won't keep you waiting long, sir. (*Exit LUCY and MRS. P., L.*)

NATH. I'll wait. I've done nothing but *wait* since I got up this morning. I'll be a *waiter* next (*slyly*), though it wouldn't be the first time. I remember when Mrs. Nathan's father used to keep the little restaurant on Baxter Street. He hired me for a waiter. I waited till he died, and then married his daughter. He was one of the smartest men I ever saw. He fail five times in one year. Saturday nights, when he paid me my week's wages, he used to invite me to play poker with him in the little back parlor, and then he'd win the week's wages all back again. One night I thought I had him. He dealt me *three fives*. What could I do? I bet a dollar and a half before the draw. He stayed, and I took two cards and caught another *five spot* — *four fives*. What could I do? I bet two dollars; he raised me five. What could I do with *four five spots*? I raised *him* five dollars, and he raised me back *ten*! What could I do with four five spots? I *called* him.

And he had—four livin' NINE spots! (*Enter PHUNNEL, R.*) Mr. Phunnel, I believe. My name is Nathan—Solomon Nathan—president of Schwartz Bros. & Nathan, Wall Street.

PHUN. I'm glad to meet you, my dear sir.

NATH. Glad to meet me! Do you know what I think, my friend, you don't look it! If you'll be seated, my dear friend, I wish to have a little business conversation with you. (*They sit, PHUN. R., NATH. L.; after a short pause.*) I am an honest man!

PHUN. I trust so, sir.

NATH. (*excitedly*). You don't *doubt* it, do you? I want you to understand, my friend, I don't stand no *foolish* business!

PHUN. (*soothingly*). I assure you, my dear sir—

NATH. Well, then, my friend, we can talk nice and business-like. In the first place, you've got a certificate of deposit (*consulting memorandum*) for \$115,300.00?

PHUN. My dear sir, my agent—

NATH. Wait a minute, my friend, have you *got* it?

PHUN. I was about to say, sir, that my agent—

NATH. Wait a minute, my friend. Have you *got* it?

PHUN. I have; here it is. (*Producing it.*)

NATH. (*snatching it*). Why didn't you say so, my friend? (*Comes forward, C.*)

PHUN. (*rising; excitedly*). What, sir, do you mean? Return that to me instantly, sir, or I'll call an officer!

NATH. Wait a minute; don't get *excited*, my friend. (*Looking over certificate.*) This calls for \$115,300.00. Is this money all yours, my friend?

PHUN. I deny your right to question me.

NATH. Very well, my friend, then we understand each other. I happen to know that a certain part of this money does not belong to you, my friend. (*Returns certificate.*)

PHUN. Why—

NATH. Wait a minute. I have been approached by Mr. Percy Primmers about lending him the money to carry on a suit brought to recover the balance of it, my friend. I am an honest man.

PHUN. So you remarked before.

NATH. Will you *wait* a minute, my friend? I want to talk nice with you. Do you think I was fool enough to advance money to push a suit if they got no show to win it?

PHUN. What is all this to me?

NATH. *One moment*, my friend. I happen to know among other things that I was robbed last night. Do you think I was fool enough to believe that a professional burglar would take a particular package and leave thousands of dollars loose? We have a *clew*, my friend. (*Going to door, C.*)

PHUN. Another *clew*!

NATH. (*coming forward*). And I want to tell you, as an honest man, that I don't want *your* money attached in a suit that I have an interest in, as long as you're a depositor with our house. I have

a professional pride, my friend, and desire to protect my customers. .

PHUN. I am gratified, my dear sir, to know my interests are safe in your hands.

(Enter STOP., R.)

STOP. I'm not so sure of that.

NATH. (aside). I shall have a talk with the cyclone.

STOP. This is Mr. Solomon Nathan, I believe ?

NATH. (bows). Your belief is well founded, my dear madam.

PHUN. I wish to observe —

STOP. Silence, Phunnel !

NATH. (sitting L.). Ha, ha, ha! He wishes to observe. Ha, ha, ha!

STOP. Mr. Nathan !

NATH. (not noticing). I'll bet five dollars and a half his observation's limited when she's around —

STOP. Mr. Nathan !

NATH. (still not noticing). I'd like to see her bulldoze me —

STOP. Mr. Nathan ! (Stamping her foot.)

NATH. (jumping up). My dear madam —

STOP. I think I overheard you say you have a professional pride in protecting your customers. You'll excuse me if I have my own idea as to that.

PHUN. My dear Miss Stopper —

STOP. Silence, Phunnel!

NATH. Ha, ha, ha !

STOP. Mr. Nathan !

NATH. I'm all attention, my dear madam.

STOP. I have here (producing check) a check for my part of the money Mr. Phunnel deposited with you, which I suppose will be duly honored.

NATH. Most decidedly, my dear madam. (Looks over check and returns it.) That was all quite business-like.

STOP. Then I think, sir, our business is at an end. (Very stiffly.) Good-morning, Mr. Nathan. This way, Phunnel.

(Exit R.; enter MRS. P. and LUCY, who stand looking on, L.)

PHUN. (following STOP.; turns and imitates her tone). Good-morning, Mr. Nathan.

(Exit PHUN., R.; NATH. crosses to R., turns; MRS. P. and LUCY laugh.)

MRS. P. Good-morning, Mr. Nathan. Ha, ha, ha! (Imitating PHUN. and STOP.)

NATH. Ha, ha, ha! You have your little joke, my dear young ladies.

(Enter PRIM., hurriedly, c. from L.)

PRIM. Ah, good-morning, Nathan. (To MRS. P.) You here, my dear! (To Lucy.) Miss Lucy, glad to see you. Excuse me,

I'm in an awful hurry. Nathan, one moment. (*Takes NATHAN aside R., and whispers to him. Aloud.*) I'll remain here till you come back.

NATH. All right, my friend. Ladies, I wish you good-morning.

LUCY. Good-morning, Mr. Nathan.

MRS. P. *Good-morning*, Mr. Nathan. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Exit NATH. C. to L.*)

PRIM. Can I see your aunt a minute? (*Enter STOP., followed by PHUN., R.*) Ah! here she is, and Mr. Phunnel. Glad to see you, Mr. Phunnel! Will you all kindly be seated a moment? I have a few words to say of interest to all of you. (*PRIM. stands C., others sit.* STOP. R. C., PHUN. R., MRS. P. L. C., LUCY L.)

MRS. P. How mysterious we are, to be sure!

PRIM. (*impressively*). I have the honor to be Counsel for the Plaintiff in a suit, brought to recover a certain sum of money left in trust to Mr. Phineas Phunnel by the late Timothy Rice!

PHUNNEL (*rising*). My dear sir —

STOP. Sit down, Phunnel!

PRIM. The package containing this money was stolen last night. I have to inform you that the thief has been found and has made a confession.

PHUNNEL (*starting*). Made a confession!

PRIM. Implicating Phineas Phunnel as accessory!

PHUNNEL (*starting up*). It's a lie!

(*Enter FRANK C. from L.*)

FRANK (*holding up paper*). It is true!

(*All rise. Tableau.*)

STOP. Mercy! what is this? (*Goes to LUCY, L.*)

FRANK. Simply that I hold in my hand a confession made by Mr. Little, cashier for Schwartz Brothers and Nathan, in which he charges *that man* (*pointing to PHUNNEL*) as his accomplice. The package has been found where it had been secreted by Little until a division of the plunder could be made. (*Goes to r. PHUNNEL sneaks toward C. door.*) Wait one moment, Mr. Phunnel. (*PHUNNEL rushes for C. door.*) Stop him!

(*Enter NATHAN C. from L.*)

NATH. (*leading PHUNNEL down stage to r.*). One moment, my dear friend. I am so glad to meet you again so shortly my dear friend. I wish to talk a little business with you. Mr. Primmers, will you kindly explain to the ladies and gentlemen our business with our dear Mr. Phunnel?

PHUNNEL. Unhand me, sir!

NATH. One moment, my dear friend! Now, Mr. Primmers, if you please —

PRIM. (C. MRS. P. crosses to R. at back). I have only to say

that we propose to withdraw our suit against Mr. Phunnel on condition that he turns over this money to Mr. Frank Rice, the rightful heir. The motive for Mr. Phunnel's eccentric behavior lies in the fact that to defend this suit would certainly leave him open to a criminal prosecution for fraud and possibly forgery. No one knows this better than he. We now propose to shorten litigation in the interest of my client by demanding Mr. Phunnel's signature to a formal transfer of this money, for which kindness on his part we promise not to send him and his friend Mr. Little to the penitentiary for robbery.

PHUNNEL. This is *blackmail!*

NATH. Call it what you please, my friend. Now sit down, my friend. I am an honest man, — sign it *here* (*indicating place on paper*).

PHUNNEL (*signs paper and dashes pen to the floor. Rising.*). You shall all answer for this!

STOP. (*rising.*) Silence, sir. (*Looking at him with contempt.*) Oh, you *mean, perfidious* wretch! You cowardly thief! Leave this house, sir; not a word — go!

(*Exit PHUNNEL C. to L. MISS STOPPER crosses to R., sits L. of table.*)

LUCY (*leading FRANK forward*). Haven't you anything to say to Frank, Aunty?

STOP. Mr. Frank Rice, I thought you were a fool.

FRANK (*bows*). Thank you, Miss Stopper.

STOP. I have come to the conclusion I was the fool.

NATH. Ha, ha, ha! (*Goes to L. at back.*)

STOP. Sir! (*To FRANK.*) Take her; and look to yourself, sir, that you *keep* her. (*Sits R. of table.*)

NATH. (*coming forward*). I *congratulate* you, my dear young friends. (*Looking at watch.*) I have a business engagement in half an hour and must leave you. I want you all to come to Mrs. Nathan's reception Monday night. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you *good-morning*.

ALL. Good-morning, Mr. Nathan. Ha, ha, ha!

(NATHAN backs out, bowing C. to L.).

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ACT II. SCENE I. After eleven years. Mike O'Connor creates a surprise. Crosby and the bogus mine swindlers. Placer gold. The bogus offer and its refusal. Gipsy's warning. "If you love your farm don't you sign those papers." SCENE II. The gold mine of Rocky Run. Mike and Joe digging for gold. Gold in abundance. Uncle Nathan convinced. Mortgage on the farm. Gold bricks. A curious tablet. "Here—here is my tablet, Crosby. It shall be innocence beneath these papers, an' a God to witness 'em above, an' if evil is in 'em, may they burn the hearts of those who wrought 'em." The spectre among the rocks. Gipsy and the tin trunk. "Nathan Bardwell! this is the gold mine of Rocky Run."

ACT II. SCENE I. Without a home. Mike and Joe exchange secrets. Matilda again. "Yeez can have her, Joe, yeez can have her." A good ducking. Gipsy to the rescue. Last day at the old farm. Ejected by the sheriff. Gipsy and the pistol. "Lay a finger upon me, and you'll find me a human tigress." SCENE II. Blynn in search of his daughter. The mysterious letter in India ink. Ned Bardwell and Gipsy. Business first and love afterwards. The demand of Richard Blynn. Crosby's refusal. The two Irishmen. "We've turned State's evidence, yer honor." End of the mortgage. SCENE III. Visiting the old home. "Here we are, Maria, creepin' up to our old home like two thieves in the night." Gipsy's welcome. A grand explanation. Blynn and Crosby give back the farm. Another surprise. Ned in the arms of his parents. Too happy for utterance. "Maria, I—I'm young again. I'm put back twenty years in life." A happy termination.

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ACT II. AFTERNOON.—Taking counsel. "Do your best, the happiness of us all depends upon you." Proposing under difficulties. Edith's dream. Father and daughter. "It is true, he is faithful." The shadow comes again. The Rat King. Isabel's scorn. "*Of whom are you speaking? Your husband!*" A little light in the darkness. "It is too late — too late." Isabel learns the truth. A convict's wife. "My idol has turned to clay." Isabel's flight. The Captain takes a tumble. Waldemar's return. The deserted home. "Alone! Alone!" THE BLACKNESS OF THE SHADOW.

ACT III. EVENING—"The cigarette of peace." A looker-on at love. "Great Jupiter! I can't stand it!" The terror of uncertainty. "He will surely come; but when?" The meeting of old enemies. BROUGHT TO BAY. Accusation and recrimination. "Cease your mockery, and tell me what you want." The price of silence. "Will money bring back the dead?" A living tomb. The talisman of love. "Your child lives—but not for you." A father's grief. "Do not ruin her happiness as you have mine." THE SACRIFICE. "*My little one is dead—to me!*" The shadow lifts. "He is gone, never to return." Husband and wife. A confession. "Why have you not trusted me?" A bond of love. OUT OF THE SHADOW.

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